

THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY,

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For The Lily.

THE VIOLETS ARE BLOOMING.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

The violets are blooming
In beauty in the vale,
And yielding up their sweetness
To the kisses of the gale.
Their azure eyes are peeping
From out the yellow heath,
And the balmy air is laden
With the fragrance of their breath.

On Earth's maternal bosom
Among the velvet grass,
They nestle and are winking
At the sparrows as they pass.
The angels gave them beauty
To gem the lowly sod,
And they've caught the hue of heaven
By looking up to God.

The fairies of the valley
Are in their glory now,
And weaving floral garlands
To deck each pearly brow;
For they have watched the opening
Of Viola's meek eyes,
And caught the bright reflection
Of the gentle April skies.

Come then my bright-eyed maiden
With me to yonder vale,
And let us smell the sweetness
Of the violet-scented gale.
We'll sit beneath the willow
And a garland I will twine
Of violets and pansies
And, sweet, it shall be thine.

The violets will greet thee
As an angel from the skies,
And they will call thee sister
When they gaze upon thine eyes.
Then let us forth to wander
In yon delightful vale
Where violets are scenting
The gently breathing gale.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dull reflection—itsself a broader shade. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. The stars arise, and the night is holy.

From the New York Family Courier.

THE THREE WIVES.

BY KATE CLOVER.

From time immemorial the great proportion of novels, tales, and plays, has consisted of a graphic account of the doubts, dangers, trials, sighs and disappointments, encountered by two unfortunate beings who are destined for each other by Providence, but who find great difficulty in attaining to the bliss designed for them, until, at the last stage, the obstacles having all been overcome, the happy pair are joined in the "holy bands of matrimony." Like the faithful nursery-maid who never allowed her long stories to retard the "hour for retiring," but always ended, "and they were married," although she had just commenced her recital, so the greater proportion of our books terminate in the same way, and no one thinks of taking a peep into the dim vista beyond.

Contrary to the usual course of things, this story begins where most stories end, so if it should be found unusually destitute of interest, it may in a measure be ascribed to this cause.

John Smith—perhaps to make the tale attractive, it should have been Adolphus Alphonso Smythe—but there are advantages in writing as well as in speaking short names—John Smith had heard much of the folly of allowing himself to be entangled by the fascinations of a city belle, had seen a striking instance of this folly in the disorderly household of an intimate friend, and had read in a country newspaper, the earthly blessedness of having at the head of an establishment, a person well skilled in domestic affairs. John meditated and reasoned—became suddenly aware of the necessity of paying a visit to his Uncle Abraham up in the Green Mountains—and with his brain full of his own new schemes, took the cars for Vermont. Although no one was informed of the object of his sudden movement, the result was speedily known, for it was not long before a Mrs. John Smith was presiding over the elegant mansion that had so long been awaiting a mistress. And now let not the reader fancy any long train of circumstances preceding this marriage, any unexpected meetings, remarkable rescues, or guardian's interference, to add to the interest of the affair. From the window of his Uncle Abraham's dwelling, Mr. Smith had cast admiring glances upon a damsel making bread—at the door of her own house he had encountered her with a broom, and when upon an eventful Monday he found her in the morning at the wash-tub, and in the evening "mending stockings," his heart was gone at once—a sacrifice to his theory. What a house-keeper such a wife must be! What a contrast her bright eyes and rosy cheeks presented to the pale, languid maidens, he so often met at home. Happy John Smith! The sighing swains about you will die of envy at your prospects, and hopelessness of their own. It was not long after Mrs. Smith was installed in her new domain, that her husband found he had made a mistake—his convictions and reasonings, so delightful in theory, left a strange void in practice, and the lady who shone with such resplendent grandeur in a country farm-house, was fast becoming a nonentity.

Placed by circumstances in a position that required but little exercise of her peculiar powers, she was ill at ease in any place, her tastes were not adapted to the scenes around her, and she was so ignorant of the punctilios of ceremony, etiquette and fashion, that her poor spouse was kept in a continual round of vexation and mortification. Although he was always sure of a well-cooked dinner, and an orderly house, he was equally sure of Mrs. Smith's betraying her particular interest in these matters before his literary friends. If the conversation turned upon the state of affairs in France, she never could imagine why there was a preference given to French cooks—did the "Great West" engage their attention, she was loud in her encomiums upon "Western bacon." At one time her husband found her reading intently—with a book in each hand, and flattered himself that he had detected signs of a literary taste. His hopes, however, were dashed to the ground as he saw they were the fascinating receipt-books of Miss Leslie and Catharine Beecher.

Too late did Mr. Smith learn the sad lesson that domestic accomplishments are not the only ones requisite in a life-companion.

"Thank fortune, I am not in John's place," said Mr. Charles Smith, a younger brother, as he emerged one day from his house, having listened for the last two hours to the best method for preserving sweetmeats, and the comparative merits of pine-apple jelly and peach marmalade. "As well marry one's cook at once, I shall not be caught in that trap," and so he bent his steps to the mansion of a lady as ignorant of domestic affairs as he could possibly desire, but who rejoiced in accomplishments heaped upon accomplishments, superficially, it must be owned, since we cannot excel in everything when everything is to be acquired, nevertheless she could preside gracefully over the drawing-room, quote from Byron, Willis, and Longfellow, and if not particularly blessed with heart, was elegant, fashionable and attractive. Preliminaries were soon settled, and "they were married."

Mr. Charles Smith installed the lady of his choice in her appropriate sphere as his wife, with no drawback to his happiness save the pity he felt for John, who must be so much chagrined at the contrast between the new sisters. But a shadow fell upon the glory of his pride, when he found the idol he had secured for himself was only seeking the applause of other worshippers, every word and action was directed to fascinate some new comer, while sympathy, kindness and the delicate attentions, he had fondly hoped he should receive at her hand, were quite beneath her notice. When Mr. Charles Smith returned from his office, oppressed with cares, with a weary heart and aching head, there was no grateful welcome, no gentle touch upon his burning brow, but he was told to call a servant if he required attention, or politely reminded that the drawing-room was no place for invalids. Poor Charles Smith! even your brother John is in a more desirable situation. For Dorothy, in spite of her devotion to culinary affairs, has a kind heart, and a generous one; what if she does persist in preparing her

"nostrums" and cooling drinks" herself, she is devoted and attentive, until they prove efficacious.

Mrs. Charles Smith was an indefatigable performer on the piano forte, harp and guitar. The din of Operas, Sonatas and Polkas, was continually falling upon the unpracticed ear of her husband, yet when he ventured to ask for some simple air, some strain redolent with the fragrance of olden time, she was shocked at his antiquated taste, refused to play anything so entirely obsolete, and continued her "Brilliant Valse," with its fifteen pages of variations.

In the household matters of the elegant Mrs. Smith, disorder, extravagance and confusion reigned supreme. Should she stoop from her refinement and elevated sphere, to preside over such menial drudgery? Even if she did, what would it avail, since she had neither skill nor judgment to direct?

Wishes accomplished, do not always prove the most fortunate things for us, and Mr. Charles Smith repented at his leisure of his folly in asking but one requisition in a wife, namely, ignorance of household affairs, a mere parlor ornament. Such pieces of statuary should be procured at the sculptor's, they will neither weary by their petulance, nor lose their charms in old age.

One brother yet remained, but he had openly resolved never to engage in the matrimonial scheme. The sad fate of the elder members of the family had so shaken his faith in this ancient institution, he felt his only safety remained in his keeping out of it. "However," said Frank Smith to himself, for visions of a pleasant home and loving wife would at times steal over him, "if I am ever married, it shall be to one who has not a 'taste for music,' and who has no suspicion there is such a word in the English language as cookery." With this safeguard, this test by which all fair and trusting damsels were to be tried, Mr. Frank Smith went out into the world. At one time he came very near being ensnared by the attractions of a lady he met at the house of a friend. She was interesting, agreeable and intelligent, never making any allusion to the forbidden subjects, but alack-a-day—one pleasant morning, as she was tripping gracefully before him, she turned into a music store, and he bade her adieu forever. Things sometimes happen in different places, and at different times, from the arrangements we had made in our own minds, and Mr. Frank Smith found this to be the case. One pleasant day he had occasion to take a short trip on business, while thoughts of matrimony, were the last things to occupy his mind. Earnestly meditating upon his new schemes, and revolving the chances of his success, his eye happened to fall upon an invalid who was walking the deck of the steamer, but listening attentively to a fair girl beside him, whom Mr. Smith at once determined to be his sister, from the marked resemblance between them. Mr. Smith considered himself very accurate in forming opinions of people, and indeed he was so. He could readily distinguish the well-bred, courteous gentleman, from one who only assumed this appearance; disguises were with him only a surer means of disclosing the concealment, and he was not long in deciding that the travellers belonged to our "best society." Fortune favored Mr. Smith that day, for soon after, hearing the gentleman express a wish for a book, which he had seen noticed, he was able to offer it for his perusal, and the gratitude of the lady, expressed less in words than in looks, sent a thrill to his half-seared heart. "She could never be like my pastry cook sister, neither is there any danger of her being cold and unsympathizing, when she is so untrifling in her attentions to that poor brother. If I were quite sure she did not worship Albion and Sontag, warbling the songs of the angelic 'Jenny,' I might be tempted to!"—What the temptation was, or whether these facts were ascertained, remains a mystery, but before the boat had deposited its precious freight, Mr. Smith had made great progress in his acquaintance with the travellers, ascertained their residence, and gained permission to call upon them. Intermediate scenes are better imagined than described, so the reader is invited to peep at the household arrangements of Mr. Smith, who is just entering his dwelling, on his return from the bridal tour. The

furniture has arrived during the absence of the happy pair, but imagine the consternation of the new husband, when, after glancing at mirrors, sofas and tables, his eye falls upon a splendid piano.

"What does *this* mean," said the horror-stricken man, "surely, Mary, you do not play?"

Mary repressed a smile and said, "you know it is so pleasant to have an instrument for our friends, even if I do not use it myself," which restored him to his former equanimity.

Frank Smith had found in the gentle Mary what his heart had long been seeking, a friend, a companion—a wife, in the truest sense of the word; sufficiently similar in their tastes to enjoy the same beautiful things. They were sufficiently unlike to prevent a monotonous, commonplace life. There were no regrets in Frank's mind that his gentle, unpretending Mary could not dazzle and outshine the butterflies at a soiree, or compete with her cook in the humbler departments of home life.

A brilliant throng had gathered in the mansion of Mrs. Charles Smith, nominally for the purpose of welcoming the new sister, but in reality to show to the dear five hundred friends who were gazing upon her with curious eyes, her inferiority. When the lady of the house moved among her guests, with such attractive dignity, here bestowing a patronizing glance, and there scattering her sallies of wit and pleasantry, a casual observer might have thought she cast our quiet Mary entirely into the shade; and when the musical performances commenced, is it possible that Frank Smith had no half-formed wish that his chosen one might gather around her the listening crowd? So natural is the desire in the human heart to have the objects of our affection appreciated by others.

A polite, but unmeaning solicitation was extended to the new bride to give the company some simple air upon the piano, but instead of the expected refusal, she immediately seated herself at the prescribed instrument, and executed one of Beethoven's most difficult, but beautiful "Sonatas." The audience was charmed into silence, for hers was no common touch, but it would be difficult to tell whether pride or astonishment predominated in the mind of the delighted husband, certainly he was not as much grieved as he once supposed he should have been at this discovery. Mrs. Charles Smith was vexed with envy and disappointment. Mrs. Dorothy was discovered asleep in a rocking chair!

The hours were gliding swiftly away, and the unpretending Mary had already created quite a sensation, but her amiable sister-in-law was determined to outshine her yet, although thus far she had found herself eclipsed. At length she drew her into a group where an animated discussion was going on upon a certain subject, and the views of a distinguished German writer upon it.

"I would give twenty guineas," said one gentleman, "if I had his works here, there is a passage relating to this very point which would settle the matter at once, but I can only partly quote it."

"Allow me to repeat it for you," said Mrs. Frank Smith. "I have lately been reading the work to my brother, and have the sentence still in my memory, as we devoted some time to the subject." Her husband listened with admiration and surprise—whatever gifts she might develop, he had never dreamed of her reading German. Her sister-in-law, chagrined at her ignorance, turned away, and soon began to be very enthusiastic in the praises of "brother John's wife," a subject to which she had never before alluded, except with a sneer. "Knowledge of household duties was so desirable; accomplishments of little value unless a wife interested herself in useful matters." One would have thought Mrs. Charles Smith especially skilled in this branch of education, but it was only said hoping to impress some one of her guests with a sense of the deficiency of her new sister; she was not willing the star of the evening should vanish from their sight until she had thrown some cloud over its lustre, and this was the last resort of her fruitful imagination. Frank heard her remarks, but he was not disturbed, housekeepers and cooks could be obtained for money, but the wealth of the Indies could not buy a treasure like the light of her loving eyes,

or the music of a voice whose sweetest notes were for him.

Weeks rolled on. New discoveries are yet in store for thee, Frank. Can it be that the one at thy side will forfeit the love that has gilded her pathway, and turn into sorrow and disappointment thy pride and admiration? We trust not.

The breakfast hour has not yet arrived, but Frank Smith sits by his cheerful fire, reading the last number of "Putnam's" which Mary has placed in his hands. Finding him too deeply absorbed in his pamphlet to be very entertaining, we will follow the young housekeeper into her new domain.

The night before, Bridget, her chief dependence in the cooking establishment, had been taken suddenly ill, and as misfortunes never come single, the black-eyed Nora had taken her departure. It was too late to supply their places, and so Mrs. Smith prepared the warm cakes, herself—conscious all the time of her husband's horror of "domestic women." When the happy pair were seated at table, Mr. Smith could not help commending the animated look and healthful glow which the exercise of which he little dreamed had given his wife. "Such delicious coffee as Bridget makes!" he ejaculated, "I must surely raise her wages."

The color heightened in the cheeks of Mary as she quietly replied—"I am glad you are so well satisfied with Bridget's cooking."

The breakfast having been finished, Frank bent his steps to his office, and his lady began to devise the best means for meeting the emergencies of the occasion. Bridget was evidently in a state that promised speedy recovery, although not able to discharge her ordinary duties. Nora's place was to be supplied, and so Mrs. Smith quietly and systematically attended to the household matters herself. We need not follow her through the routine of the day—Mr. Smith apparently noticed no change, "the justice which he did to his dinner" must have been from an increased amount of exercise; and that evening, while his wife was reading aloud from his favorite author, he mentally "thanked his stars" that while he had a wife who could appreciate such things, he had one whose soul was above domestic affairs.

The next morning was an eventful one in Frank Smith's calendar. He went to his business as usual, but some little act of forgetfulness sent him home unexpectedly, and lo! what a sight met his view. Mrs. Smith with a neat little cap and apron, was sweeping her parlors, with as much apparent interest as she would have "swept the strings of a guitar," humming as merrily as a bird the old tune, "buy a broom." Poor Frank threw himself upon an ottoman that stood in his way, and tried to smile, but it was a very woe-begone smile; he was astonished and he was vexed; he had boasted so many times of his ability to detect a knowledge of "household drudgery," and the unmistakable signs it always left in its possessor, now to find this accomplishment in his own wife was too humiliating. Before he could utter a word, a small white hand was placed upon his lips, and a long explanation made to him, so that, before its close he was ready to acknowledge the new position in which he found the fair pleader, only added to her graces, and strengthened his love. Here was a practical illustration of the remark of a distinguished writer. "The most minute details of household economy become elegant and refined when they are ennobled by sentiment," and it has never appeared that Mrs. Frank Smith lost any of her delicacy or refinement by those two days of domestic pursuits, at the end of which time, she returned to her former avocations, well pleased with the success of her experiment. The home of Frank Smith is a pleasant one, and it is not strange that the two brothers should find something so attractive in the cheerful gleam that overspreads it, as to be often seen participating in its enjoyments, especially since their wives seek their happiness, the one in making sweetmeats, the other at the Opera.

Adversity overcome, is the brightest glory, and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue. Sufferings are but the trials of valiant spirits.

For The Lily.

DEMOCRACY VERSUS MAN-OCRACY.

BY G. W. KNAPP.

A few centuries ago, kings claimed a "divine right" to rule over mankind; contending that all the mass had to do was to obey. Prejudice and custom favored their pretensions, and it was only by the most determined perseverance that the people of England succeeded in wresting a part of the power of government from the king. And even at the present day they possess, as it were, but a moiety of the power of government; the rest being vested in the King and a hereditary house of Lords, which bolsters up the Throne.

In this country, things are in a measure different. The Revolution swept away the last vestige of monarchical and hereditary institutions, placing the power of government in the people—the people, did I say? No; in the hands of the men. The people in this country do not rule. Our government is as much a despotism as that of the Autocrat of Russia. What difference is there between a "one-man" despotism and

"That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd?" Our government is a man-ocracy, which consults the rights and interests of its subjects—women—in making the laws of the land, no more than Nicholas consults the rights and interests of his serfs. Indeed, I believe their interests are consulted less; for it is well known that the Czar is a radical monarch, and does all he can for the improvement of his empire. But it is different here. Instead of woman's being urged on by her self-constituted rulers to be and to do something, every possible impediment is thrown in her way to prevent her from rising. Every conception of right, or law in her favor, must be literally wrung out of this man-ocracy; it is as parsimonious of its favors to woman as the miser is to the orphan child.

And this man-ocracy, too, claims to rule by the "grace of God," say rather by his permission. But its rule will be short; already it totters to its fall. There has a little cloud arisen above the horizon, now "no bigger than a man's hand," which will ultimately deluge the land and submerge this man-ocracy in oblivion. Like the firebrands which Sampson tied to the tails of the three hundred foxes, it will completely burn up the corn of those pompous Philistines, who appear to think of themselves as the negro thought of the Justice, "that each one of them knows too much for one man, but not enough for two." In other words, enough for himself and a woman besides.

They appear to think that woman is a child, or idiot, not capable of knowing her own wants and interests, whether she is hot or cold; and that they are a sort of thermometer lent her by the Almighty to regulate her temperature, to take care of her and tell her what is for her own good.

"Woman," say they, "is naturally weak and effeminate; man, strong and robust, and her natural protector; therefore, when a man votes, she is represented, or, as it were, does it herself." When a man votes, they can see a woman voting too! Well, I don't know but they can; all I will say is, I can't. Perhaps I am near-sighted, or have some other defect of vision; at all events, I shall have to admit that they see what they assert they do, for they are positive in their affirmations.

Armed with this new light, let us venture forth into the world, and see what new discoveries we can make in physics and metaphysics. Let us enter the domicile; the woman is busy preparing sundry good things which "make the mouth water." Man appears to be fitted for log-rolling, chopping, mowing, voting &c., she, for making cakes, pies and nick-nacks, and comes as naturally between him and his food as he does between her and the world. She sits down to the table very complacently, partakes of the "creature comforts," and clears away things. Pretty soon her husband comes home from election, and wishes to know how long before she will have his supper ready.

"Who did you vote for?" enquires the wife.

"For Sam Demagogue," replies the husband.

"How could you vote for him? I would sooner not voted at all."

"I reckoned he wouldn't pay much attention to your Woman's Rights fanatics, and I voted for him for you—half of my vote was for you! and there is no doubt but that he will see that your rights are protected."

"O! you voted for me, you say; well I have just been eating supper for you. You have self-constituted yourself an agent to vote for me without my consent; I have in the same way assumed the power to eat for you. And I am sure that what I have eaten will satisfy the cravings of your appetite full as well as Sam Demagogue will represent my wishes and protect my interests and rights in the legislature."

"But—oh—ah—hem—why we don't reason that way," say our anti-Woman's Rights men, "we don't reason that way."

Certainly, I know you don't, but I do. This is strictly parity of reasoning, and only one of the wonderful discoveries that could be made with your self-constituted, proximal telescope. If you can see a woman vote when a man votes, upon the same principle, and with the same instrument, I can see a man eat when a woman eats. It is only reducing your principle to an absurdity. It is lawful for us to use the same weapons against you that you use against us. You can call it good reasoning if you choose, I call it squint-sighted, or cross eyed logic. It is good against those who, like yourselves, can see no obliquity in the visual angle; and I insist that a meal eaten by a woman will satisfy the cravings of a man's appetite full as well as an Anti-Woman's Rights man's vote will represent a woman's wishes and protect her rights and interests.

But when you show up the position of this man-ocracy, that it does not represent the interests and protect the rights of woman, that in order to secure her rights and privileges she must be enfranchised, so as to give her a direct influence over those who make the laws, and must have the same means

"To govern and to guide the state"

that man has, making legislators amenable to her, they fall back upon their dernier argument, that God has given man the right "to rule over woman." St. Paul is the great apostle of those who set up man's superiority over woman, and as he frequently tells us he "speaks after the manner of men," that is, with their pre-conceived notions, prejudices &c., and has condescended to give us the reasons for his opinions on this point, I shall treat them as I would any other arguments, show their fallacy and ridiculousness if I can.

It is somewhat strange that they claim that the "fall of man" gave man a right "to rule over woman;" he fell as much as she; then why not make her a ruler over him? It took all the cunning, lies, sophistry and subtlety of the great arch Deceiver incarnate, in the Serpent to deceive the woman. Before she yielded she had to be "beguiled" and deceived to induce her to sin. But when we come to the man, we find he yielded deliberately, without having any deception practiced upon him; all the excuse he renders is, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat." The account is precisely in keeping with the acts of men and women. He looks Heaven full in the face and sins, boldly, deliberately, wilfully, bidding defiance to its decrees, and setting himself up as competent to cope with the omnipotence of the Almighty. On the other hand, woman must be deceived—made to believe she will not "surely die" before she can be induced to sin, and then she does it hesitatingly, reluctantly, doubtfully. There is not one word in the account that goes to show that Adam was deceived. St. Paul expressly says that Adam was not deceived. And yet these anti-Woman's Rights men set up such audacious, deliberate sinners, these Adams of the present day, as rulers over women.

The question naturally arises, "what should be the governing power?" All will admit that the moral power of community should rule. Well now, where will you find it? Which is the most moral and refined, man, or woman? Most certainly woman. Then it would appear if there is anything in favor of either's governing to the exclusion of the other, the balance is in favor of

woman's ruling over man. But that, at the present day, powerful argument, "might is right," is opposed to this conclusion, and will continue to exclude woman from any voice in the enactment of laws by which she must abide till justice becomes sufficiently powerful to overrule physical force.

The next argument of St. Paul is, that man was "first formed," then Eve.

Now let us see what a halo of glory will attach to man from his priority of creation. This argument is cogent and conclusive to those who are satisfied with a bubble instead of a real, solid substance. It was not because woman was inferior to man, or dependent on him, it was simply because he was "first formed."

Let us carry out this principle of reasoning and see where we shall land. According to the Scriptural account, all the animals, fowls and fishes were "first formed," then man. So, of course, the principle being correct, they are much more glorious and worthy of adoration than man. Before them he should be dumb, "in silence," for they were the "first formed," then Adam.

But this is not all, according to the geological account, strange, hideous monsters swarmed upon the earth and in the sea, long, long ages before man was ushered into existence.

"With heads uplift above the waves, and eyes That sparkling blazed, Prone on the flood, extended long and large, Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge As whom the fables name of monstrous size, Titanian, or earth-born, that warred on Jove, Briareus, of Typhon, whom the den By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast Leviathan, which God of all his works Created hugest, that swam the ocean stream."

This is no picture of the imagination, but the sober truth, to which I shall apply the principle of priority of creation. Although

"So wondrous wild the whole might seem The scenery of a fairy dream,"

yet man must bow before these monsters that gambolled

"Till all the plume-dark air And rude, resounding shore were one wild cry"

of terror, carnage and devastation, "for" they were "first formed!" Then if time is anything, in this case it amounts to a vast item, for ages on ages had cycled away after their creation before the creating fiat of Omnipotence spoke man into existence. Consequently, they were vastly more glorious than man, and certainly all things must have been "in silence" before them. Thus it appears that, according to the argument of priority, all the myriads of living creatures that had existence before man, and

"The earth had gathered to her breast again," were his superiors, and more honorable and worthy "to rule over" the balance of creation than he is, "for" they were "first formed."

Having thus summarily dissected some of the arguments adduced in support of Man-ocracy upon the *reductio ad absurdum* principle, I will close by stating the doctrine of Democracy.

"God gives to every one the talents, temper, taste Then lets them fall into the niche They were designed to fill,"

without the assistance of intermeddling, self-constituted, proximal representatives or agents. If any are disposed to cavil at this doctrine, we can only say

"Go wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense, Weigh thy opinions against Providence."

Gibson, June 24th 1854.

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THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, AUGUST 1, 1854

ST. PAUL AND THE WOMEN.

—St. Paul attaches so much importance to the education of children, he says it is by "mothers the souls of children are saved."—*Exchange*.

And yet this same St. Paul, according to the teaching of most Bible expounders and the belief of people generally, made woman a helpless, dependent, inferior being, incapable of self-government or self-protection! How strange that a being so inferior—created solely to minister to the wants and the pleasure of man—to lead a mere butterfly life, attracting admirers by the display of costly finery upon her sickly, deformed person, and the silly nothings which emanate from her empty brain, should be entrusted with the salvation of souls! Yet we are taught that it is so. And so firm are the teachers of this doctrine in this belief that when a woman ventures to be anything more than a butterfly or a drudge, and presumes to claim that she to whom has been committed the charge of educating and saving souls was created man's equal in intelligence and capacity, and therefore endowed with rights and privileges as great and extended as his own, that she might be enabled to discharge without hindrance the great responsibilities laid upon her, she is met with ridicule, sneers and scorn, and the whole army of believers in old school doctrines, from the orator in the pulpit and the bar down to the hanger on of the low drunkenness and the occupant of the gutter, look upon her as a fit subject for merriment and deserving only frowns and the severest censure. They tell us that woman is right as she is—her position just what it should be—and utter warnings against any who may venture to pass beyond the bounds they have set. They fetter her and make her as weak and helpless and submissive a being as possible and then tell her that by her the souls of her children are to be saved!

We know of no stronger argument in favor of Woman's Rights than is presented in the paragraph at the head of this article. If it be true that "by mothers the souls of children are saved," the mass of mothers will, we fear, have a heavy account to settle; for, judging from evidence furnished on every side, not only the souls of children are left uncared for, but their physical and moral training is equally neglected. It cannot well be otherwise when we consider the training and the false and superficial education which woman has received. The doctrine of helplessness, inferiority, dependence and subjection which has been so constantly instilled into her mind from childhood up has done its work; and we behold its fruit in the weak, giddy, fashionable, helpless mother, and the diseased, immoral and vicious children.

If it be true that woman is the educator of her children, and responsible for their souls, it is the strongest argument that can be brought in favor of granting her all the rights which belong to any human being; *the right to her own person*—for unless free herself, how can she fully discharge all her duties? If in subjection to another, she cannot act without restraint and therefore cannot be made wholly responsible for the souls entrusted to her keeping. If so weak and helpless herself as to need a "protector," she surely cannot protect others from evil and wrong! *The*

right to the custody and control of her children—for how can she be answerable for that which is not under her control? If another have a claim superior to hers and can command the children contrary to her will and pleasure—contrary to her sense of right and justice, how can she save their souls, or how be made accountable for their loss? Is the slave-mother responsible for the souls of her children?

The right to her own property and earnings, that she may provide for the wants of the body as well as for the interests of the soul. The right to remove all temptations to vice, to surround them with pure and holy influences—to place over them wise and God-fearing rulers who will hold in their hands the scales of justice and grant to all of God's creatures alike the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

And above all has she a right to a good, sound, practical education—one that will fit her to fulfill all her duties as wife, mother and citizen. For if her own mind and heart be not right, both the temporal and spiritual wants of those under her care must be neglected. Yes, if it be true that St. Paul attached so much importance to a mother's influence, then are the claims of the advocates of woman's rights just, and those who oppose them are fighting against the inspired writer. We hardly think St. Paul would entrust woman as she is, ignorant, weak and giddy, with such an important mission. He doubtless had before his mind's eye when he uttered the words quoted above, a picture of what a mother should be—one cast in nature's mould, and not one made up after the patterns of a Paris milliner—one whose mind was stored with the riches of knowledge—and whose heart was filled with love to God and man, and not one whose mind was a desert waste, and whose heart loves only herself and the vanities which bring self-gratification.

St. Paul did not mean that all mothers are responsible for souls, or else he did mean they should be qualified for the discharge of all duties assigned them, and left free in the discharge of the solemn trust reposed in them.

A Temperance Meeting was held in Peru township on the 28th ult., which was addressed by Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Delaware, and ourself. The meeting was held in a grove remote from any village, but notwithstanding this, the extreme warm weather, and it being a very busy time with farmers, some three or four hundred persons collected on the occasion. A banner was raised in view of the people on which was inscribed the motto, "THE MAINE LAW NOW, AND THE MAINE LAW FOREVER." The closest attention was given to the remarks of the speakers, and judging from the earnest expression on the countenances of the audience every heart responded to the motto—"The Maine Law now, and the Maine Law forever!" With this for a watchword, we believe the Temperance people of this State will be prepared to enter again with renewed zeal into the contest and elect men to the next General Assembly who will fearlessly place the Maine Law upon the statute books of Ohio.

Our paper being ready for press on our return home, we have not room to give an extended notice of the meeting. We passed the day very pleasantly in the home of a kind Quaker family, and left them with something of regret to return to the hot, dusty city.

A STRIKE.

The journeyman employed in the office of the Philadelphia Daily *Register* recently left the office in high dudgeon because the Publisher had employed two women as type-setters in a job office located on another street. The men said they acted in obedience to a resolution of the Printer's Union—they having adopted as a standing rule that they would work for no man who employed women to set type, no matter whether employed in the same office with them or not. A chivalrous set of men truly! and as noted for their courage as their chivalry. The journeymen however came off second best—as they always will where publishers have any spirit—the young women were kept at work, and the men left to go their way and find employment where they could.

The end however was not yet. These men were not satisfied with throwing themselves out of employment, but they attempted to prevent others from taking their places by threats of personal violence; and one man tried to bribe a hand in the *Register* office to cut a rope by which the forms are raised—the result of which would have been *pi-ing* of the form, thereby preventing the issuing of the paper, and endangering life had any one been below. Complaints were lodged against some half dozen of the printers by the Proprietor, all of whom were arrested and after a hearing each held in the sum of \$600 to answer the charge of conspiracy at the Court of Quarter Sessions.

Thus we see that woman has to fight her way, as it were, at every step. Her right to employment is denied, no matter how necessitous her condition, unless she find it in the limited sphere prescribed to our sex by custom and prejudice. Yet we rejoice that there are men who are sufficiently liberal to open to her, here and there, a wider field for her industry, and who will see justice done her even though themselves for a time inconvenienced thereby. Let not women be discouraged by such hostile manifestations on the part of men; but rather let them press forward till they break down every barrier which is raised to obstruct their advancement; and if they are but true to themselves they will soon come off victors, and thenceforth find the way to every lucrative employment clear before them.

Fuller, the editor of the N. Y. *Mirror*, has just come in possession of a quarter of a million, by the death of his father-in-law.—*The Papers*.

We think this a mistake. As the laws of New York allow a wife to hold property which she owned before marriage, or which may come to her by gift or descent after marriage, it must be *Mrs. Fuller* who has "come in possession of a quarter of a million," by the death of her father, and not Mr. Fuller. Men are so in the habit of considering themselves entitled to the exclusive control of all that belongs to their wives, and have so long had that right under the old law, it is not strange that they forget the new law which recognizes woman's right to hold property, and still imagine themselves the owners of her houses and lands and bank stocks. *Mrs. Fuller*, as we suppose, by the death of her father has come in possession of a quarter of a million. Mr. Fuller, if he is a gentleman and a good husband, will not claim this as his own, but will aid her in managing and taking care of it, and enjoy with her all the comforts and blessings which such great wealth can bestow.

PARIS FASHIONS.

As the people of this country are so fond of following the fashions of Paris, we commend the following, which we cut from the correspondence of the *New York Times*, to their consideration. The fashions here spoken of are, in our opinion, every way worthy of imitation—which is more than can be said of any other fashion set us by the French, whether of dress or of living. While the blind submission of our country-women to the dictates of the fickle goddess who presides over their wardrobe is a prolific source of disease and suffering, the fashions we now present would, if followed, secure health and happiness to thousands. The former has reduced our women to abject dependence upon her ever-varying commands, which change with every change of the weather; the latter would elevate to personal and pecuniary independence thousands who are now depending for support upon the charity of friends—destitute of the comforts and necessities of life.

Yes, let the women go to work here as in Paris. Let us have fashion plates in our popular magazines of active, healthy, sensibly dressed women, in place of the waxen-faced, wasp-like, be-flooned and be-furbelowed caricatures of women which now appear there to mislead the weak and disgust the sensible. Let us have women engaged as clerks, book-keepers, shopkeepers, ticket-sellers &c. Let them, as in Paris, hold positions of authority, responsibility and consideration. Could this fashion once be introduced here—as it certainly will be—not by Paris, but by the good sense and industrial proclivities of American women—it would be a source of happiness and blessing both to the sex and to the country at large. Thousands who are now pining in want—thousands who are now compelled to strain every nerve to keep up appearances, and make both ends meet, and thousands who are dragging out useless, indolent lives would have their wants supplied, and become happy, useful and respected business women. Instead of being proud of their idleness and indolence, they would take pride in being usefully and profitably employed; and in place of boasting of their proficiency in fingering the piano and making conquests, they would indulge an honest pride in being good financiers, and displaying good business qualifications.

The signs of the times show a tendency to this state of things in this country, and ere long, unless we greatly mistake, it will be no novel sight to see women engaged in any or all of the various business employments now monopolized by men.

The following is the correspondence to which we allude:

"I am induced, by an item in the American papers to the effect that the waiters at the Clarendon Hotel are women, to say a word upon the very numerous employments open to females in France which are not open to them at home. The books of nine-tenths of the retail shops in Paris are kept by women. I do not remember a *café* or *estaminet* in the city the counter of which is not presided at by a woman. The box-offices of all the theatres are tended by women—not only those of the evening, but those open during the day for the sale of reserved places. The box-openers and audience-seaters are women. Not only do women act as sellers in such establishments as are naturally fitted to them, but even in groceries, hardware-stores, wood-yards, fruit-stores, butcheries, &c., &c. In all these places the book-keeper is a woman, fenced in and separated from the rest by a framework of glass. The ticket-sellers at the railroad stations are principally women. I have the pleasure of purchasing a seat

daily of a good-looking young person of about 24 years. From appearances, I should say she was engaged to the conductor of the 4 o'clock train. Women even guard the stations and some of the less-frequented crossings. Women cry the rate of exchange, every afternoon, after Bourse hours; and more numbers of the *Presse* and the *Mousquetaire* are disposed of by women than by men. I never yet saw a newsboy in France. In the porters' lodges of the city there are as many portresses as porters; and a landlord would prefer to take, for this service, a woman without a husband than a man without a wife. In small houses, where one person only is required, that one person is a woman. Omnibus-conductors submit their way-bills, at the transfer offices, to women, for inspection and ratification. Women book you for a seat in the diligence. Women let donkeys for rides at Montmorency, and saddle them too. Women undertake the moving of furniture, agree with you as to price, and you find them quite as responsible as men. Without multiplying instances, you will see what a number of avenues are open to females here, which in America are closed. At home, nearly all the situations obtainable by them are either menial or involve subordination. Women are either servants, clerks, operatives, waiters or type-setters. The foreman is rarely a woman, if I may be allowed the expression. Here, however, women hold positions of authority, responsibility and consideration, in the various employments of overseers and book-keepers, and even as heads of establishments. It has not been found that the weakness of the sex causes the empire to be any the less energetically asserted, or obedience to be less promptly rendered.

JUDGE CORWIN, of the Supreme Court, is said to have been under the influence of intoxicating poison at the time of giving his decision against the constitutionality of the new Liquor Law, passed by the last Legislature of this State. Indeed, we have seen it stated that the Judge was both drunk and abusive on that occasion. We know nothing of the character of those who are on the Bench with him, or how nearly their opinions will accord with his. Should they prove to be equally fond of the wine-cup, they will probably sustain him in his decision, and the law will become to all practical purposes a dead letter; and the people of Ohio will again be without any protection whatever from the accumulated and ever increasing wrongs inflicted upon them by the liquor traffic. But we have strong hopes that the decision of Judge Corwin will be reversed and the law declared constitutional and operative. We can but hope that a sense of justice will lead them to declare on the side of Right, whatever may be their own preferences and desires.

But be the decisions of the Courts what they may, the friends of temperance should not content themselves with this law. Let them enforce it to the extent, but let them ever keep before them the importance of securing a prohibitory law at the next session. We do not want laws for the regulation of the traffic, but for its entire prohibition; and legislators must be chosen at the next election who will give to the State such a law.

The decision of Judge Corwin must, we think, show temperance voters the importance of having sober Judges. A drunken judge is not a fit person to administer justice in any case, and it cannot be expected that when his own interests and appetites are in question he will do otherwise than take sides with the low groggery keeper and the drunken hangers-on of his establishment. Let the friends of sobriety and good order see to it that the Bench is filled with justice-loving, temperance men, so that they may not be thwarted in their dearest hopes for the deliverance of the State from the oppressions of the rum power.

Who wants a Situation?

A lady of unexceptionable character and reasonable education, and of 16 or 18 years of age, may find a situation both agreeable and profitable in the Bugle office, by making immediate application. Lady type-setters are all the fashion in the East, and we have one already successfully employed in the office.—*Council Bluffs Bugle*.

Here is a chance for one of the many young ladies who wish to obtain situations in a printing office. Council Bluffs is in the extreme west of Iowa, on the Missouri river, and now has a population of some 1,600 inhabitants. It is yet in its infancy, but gives promise of becoming ere long an important city. Unless some of our lady friends in Iowa apply for the situation offered by the Bugle, we fear it will not soon be filled; as the distance and expense will prevent many who would be glad to accept it from doing so. We hope however some of our numerous applicants may be induced to take it. Such opportunities are not to be found every day, and so long as there are so many who need and seek employment it would be a pity to let this one pass unimproved.

LITTLE FALLS.

We are under renewed obligations to E. M. Griffing of Little Falls, N. Y., for a list of twenty-three subscribers, obtained in that and adjoining towns—making in all some forty-five sent us by him since June 15th. This shows what can be done by perseverance and devotion to a good cause.

By the way, speaking of Mr. Griffing reminds us that we had forgotten to mention our visit to the rocky village of Little Falls, on our Eastern trip in June. On Mr. Griffing's invitation we ran down from Utica to take a hasty look at the place which had subscribed for about a hundred copies of *The Lily*, and to strengthen the faith of our readers by way of a lecture on Woman's Rights. We regretted that time would not permit of our going about much, and we did not feel equal to the task of climbing the high hills which skirt the village, and from which a fine view may be had of the town below. The place is larger than we supposed it to be; and it gave signs of an enterprising business population. In passing through on the cars one is led to wonder if anything can grow on the rocks on which the town is built; but as you pass up through the streets you no longer doubt, for there is every indication of a fertile soil and a prosperous people.

Our agent, Mr. Griffing, published the first paper started in that vicinity, and has since been the proprietor of several different papers in that place. His health declining, he has retired from the business, though he has not laid aside the pen entirely. He has a curiosity-shop in his house in the way of huge piles of old newspapers to which one large room is entirely devoted. Any one having curiosity to learn the news of 'long ago' will be sure to find it there if they have courage to undertake and patience to prosecute the search. For ourself we felt if we were Mrs. Griffing we would turn them over to the boys on the 4th of July for a bonfire, and give to the room a more cheery appearance by decking it in more modern furniture. We have a horror of great stacks of old papers, and feel quite sure that we could not tolerate them in the house unless we had a lumber room in the garret to which we could banish them. However, Mr. Griffing considers the ton or two which he has preserved very valuable, and we hope they may prove so to him. If they are worth anything to the country, he is entitled to a pension from government for having preserved them so carefully.

AFFECTING SCENE.

The New Orleans *Delta* gives the following account of an exceedingly affecting scene which occurred in one of the courts of that city, a short time since, by which a mother was deprived, nay robbed, of her child, by that pride and boast of all free countries—that great safeguard of our liberties—a writ of Habeas Corpus. The *Delta* says:

"A lady, about four years ago, had been divorced from her husband, in an interior parish of this State. At the time the husband sued out and got a judgment for divorce, she was absent in this city, accompanied by her infant child. The divorce gave to the father the care and protection of the children; but, either because he wished to avoid the trouble of raising this child, or because his late wife (the mother) had kept it beyond his reach, it was only yesterday that he claimed it—four years subsequent to the date of the divorce. A writ of Habeas Corpus was sued out in the Second District Court by the father, to gain possession of the child, and the mother and child were brought into court. The mother was a very amiable looking lady, and the child—a little girl, five years of age—was an angelic creature; her name was Ange. The case was argued at some length, and Judge Lea decided that the child should be given up to the care of the father. Mothers only can properly appreciate and sympathize with the feelings of this mother, when about to be deprived of her only solace—her only comfort, her constant companion for years, and the only object that she fondly and truly loved; for what can equal a mother's love—what can equal a mother's agony and despair, when she loses what she so loves? But the inexorable law is deaf to the wailings of sorrow, justice is blind, and cannot see the scalding tears that well up from the grief-stricken heart, and pour forth from the lustrous eyes of her whom it has, by a cruel mandate, deprived of her only child—a jewel beyond price. For us to attempt to describe the scene that ensued—the order of the court to the sheriff to tear the little girl from the arms of a parent whom she had long known and loved, and transfer her to the care of a father whom she knew not, and had never seen—would be useless. Suffice it to say, that the child was borne off by the sheriff, and given to the father, amid the most heart-rending and agonizing shrieks of the mother, and the infantine cries of the little Ange herself. There were few dry eyes in the court; and if it be true that the angels sometimes weep, surely they must have shed bitter tears at beholding this child torn from its mother's arms."

Judge Rankin, of the Probate Court of Franklin county, has recently rendered a decision to the effect that a man must be convicted of all three of the offences mentioned in the three first sections of the Temperance Law, before the penalty can be imposed for either. This absurd decision is directly opposed, not only to common sense, but to the decisions of every other Probate Judge in the State, and its effect has been to let loose the flood-gates of intemperance in the capital city to an extent never before known. The *State Journal* says that liquors are sold as freely as water, in every bar-room and rum shop in the city, and drunkenness and debauchery are at their height. Several persons have already died of *delirium tremens*, and many more are rapidly travelling the road to ruin. All this shows the necessity of electing honest, sober and God-fearing judges, and as the Judges of the Probate Court are to be elected this fall, in all the counties of the State, we earnestly hope this duty will be faithfully attended to by Temperance voters.

Life is but a short day; but it is a working day. Activity may lead to evil; but inactivity cannot be led to do good.

I. O. O. F. T.

T. G. HALL, D. D. G. W. C. T., of Winchester Ind., we understand proposes to spend some time in the formation of lodges of Good Templars in that State, during the summer and fall. Mr. Hall is invested with full power to institute lodges and confer the Degrees.

ARK OF SAFETY LODGE, Mt. Liberty.—Owing to the breaking out of the cholera at Mt. Liberty immediately after the Lodge was instituted in that place, no meeting was held for several weeks. We learn that the absent members have again returned to their homes, and that they now have full meetings and everything looks prosperous. Several new members have been initiated, and the Order is rapidly gaining favor. The following is the list of officers for the ensuing term:

Mrs. L. D. Hildreth, W. C. T., C. Beardsley, W. V. T., J. P. Robinson, W. S., Mrs. M. Sage, W. T., Miss L. D. Child, I. G., G. W. Mostetter, O. G.

We have still on hand several copies of the Proceedings of the National Women's Rights Convention, held at Cleveland in October last, which we wish to dispose of, and we now make this offer. To any person who may hereafter send us three dollars and seven subscribers, we will mail a copy of the work post paid. It is a large pamphlet of 188 pages, and well worth reading and preserving. How many of our friends will make an effort to secure a copy?

A large and enthusiastic People's convention was held in Indianapolis, on the 13th inst., at which a People's Ticket was nominated, composed of tried and true temperance men. The numbers present at the Convention was estimated as high as ten thousand. The greatest harmony and good feeling prevailed. The Maine Law is the watchword in Indiana, and the temperance hosts are laboring with a will for its attainment. It is confidently expected that a Legislature will be elected the coming fall in favor of the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN NEW YORK.—The following petitions are circulated throughout the State of New York:

PETITION FOR THE JUST AND EQUAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

The Legislature of the State of New York have, by the acts of 1848 and 1849, testified the purpose of the People of this State to place Married Women on an equality with Married Men, in holding, conveying and devising of real and personal property.

We, therefore, the undersigned Petitioners, inhabitants of the State of New York, male and female, having attained to the age of legal majority, believing that Women, alike married and single, do still suffer under many and grievous LEGAL DISABILITIES, do earnestly request the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York to appoint a Joint Committee of both Houses to revise the Statutes of New York, and to procure such amendments as will fully establish the LEGAL EQUALITY of Women with Men; and we hereby ask a hearing before such Committee by our accredited Representatives.

PETITION FOR WOMEN'S RIGHT TO SUFFRAGE.

Whereas, according to the Declaration of our National Independence, Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, we earnestly request the Legislature of New York to propose to the people of the State such amendments of the Constitution of the State, as will secure to Females an equal right to the Elective Franchise with Males; and we hereby ask a hearing before the Legislature by our accredited Representatives.

"The Women's Temperance Paper."

This is the name of the new paper published by the Executive Committee of the Women's N. Y. State Temperance Society—the first number of which is on our table. Mary C. Vaughan, Editor, Angelina Fish, Associate Editor. It is in quarto form, about the size of *The Lily*, and published monthly at 50cts. a year. The number before us is mostly taken up with the proceedings of the last Annual Meeting.

The Editor assures her readers that whatever may be her proclivities, whatever her sentiments in regard to other reforms, and whatever her interest in them, their discussion shall find no place in the columns of the paper. Temperance, and temperance only, is the subject to which it is devoted.

Considering the numbers and influence of the Women's Society, we think the paper cannot fail of meeting with a hearty welcome and a generous support. Though the number of Temperance papers in that State is large, this is the only one conducted by women, and therefore it has a greater claim upon the temperance women of the State. We wish the Society abundant success in their new enterprise.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

July 14th, 1854.

MRS. BLOOMER:—Please send the paper that you are now sending to West Windsor, Richland Co., to West Point, Whetstone P. O. Morrow Co., as we have removed to that county.

Yours, Very Respectfully,
OLIVE N. M'LARREN.

We can find no such address as Olive N. M'Lauren, West Windsor, on our books. There is no such name in the package for West Windsor. If Olive will tell us in whose name the paper is now sent we will change the direction as desired.

P. M., MADISONBURGH, O.—THE LILY is mailed regularly to your office for the persons named in your letter; if it fails to reach there the fault is not ours. "Uncle Sam" is careless now a-days and does not discharge the duties of mail-carrier very faithfully; but we are compelled to submit to the doings of the powers that be, and we can only hope that our readers will be charitable towards us and place the blame where it belongs—with the Post Office department.

VICTORIA MCARDLE.—Your letter and money were duly received, and the paper is sent regularly to the address given.

FRUITS AND FARINACEA.—This is the title of a serial work recently issued from the press of FOWLER & WELLS of New York city. It purports to be an attempt to prove, from history, anatomy, physiology and chemistry, that the original, natural and best diet of Man, is derived from the vegetable kingdom. By John Smith, with notes and illustrations by R. T. Trall, M. D. From the two numbers before us we think it will prove an instructive and useful work. The Author is of course opposed to the use of animal food in any form for man, and he maintains his position in favor of an entire Vegetarian diet, by arguments derived from natural history, physiology, experience and revelation. Dr. Trall's notes add much to its interest, and altogether it forms the best book, on the subject to which it refers, ever published in this country. It is issued in numbers of 96 pages each, at 25 cts. per number, or \$1.25 for the whole volume.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GOOD TEMPLARS—SLAVERY—PEASE'S MISSION.

MRS. BLOOMER:—The Order of Good Templars being quite a favorite of yours, perhaps you would like to hear how the Lodge prospers in Medina.

Golden Wreath Lodge was instituted in Medina, April 13th, 1854, with 27 Charter members, by D. C. Bloomer, of Mt. Vernon—a gentleman of whose private virtues, and public usefulness I presume you cannot be materially enlightened by my humble self. Suffice it then to say, that all were delighted, not only with the first impressions of the workings of the Order, but with the peculiarly graceful ease with which its sublime mysteries were communicated. May Mr. B. make many such visits to various parts of the State; for no organization for the suppression of intemperance, and the final prohibition of the traffic in alcohol, can possibly bring into the field such strong forces as this Order, when once matured and fully appreciated—as it most certainly will be. Thus far the Lodge pays well for time and effort, and promises well for the future. We have new accessions weekly, or nearly so, of from two to six, and many who purpose in the future joining our happy circle. We now number 57 members. Nothing of the kind calculated to promote the Temperance cause has ever taken so well with the active, enlightened part of community. The whole design of the Order was conceived with great beauty and adaptation to the demands of society and the cause it seeks to promote; and a liberal-minded people could but be favorably impressed with it. Great harmony prevails in all our measures, the bonds of friendship are strengthened, character better read, worth more fully appreciated, and above all, we flatter ourselves we shall be able to extend the Order abroad; for we have initiations of good temperance people from other towns, and even other counties, where we hope to see lodges of Good Templars arise to cheer and help the temperance army along; and thus we shall trust to wield a lever of no mean pretension, to usher in the glorious day when alcohol shall be confined to the Medical profession and the arts, and no longer make beasts of God's image, break the hearts of women and impoverish helpless offspring. Heaven prosper us!

"Watchman, what of the night," this dreary night of slavery? Methinks a mournful voice replies, "'tis midnight"—for truly it is the noon of night. All seems dark and lowering, certainly, humanly divining, as far removed from the hopes of the past and future as possible. How the heart would quail before the uplifted arm of power—shrink before the triumphant despot, did we not remember that God reigneth, and that he is now moving a vast under current that shall one day submerge the gloomy superstructure over which the enemy of freedom sings his inglorious songs of triumph. He can make even the wrath of man to praise him. In their wrath the Southern task-masters sit enthroned at the Capital of our wicked country and dictate terms to us which bid defiance to the commands of Heaven, "to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, betray not him that wandereth &c.," and seek to blot from the face of this hemisphere a spot toward which the hunted fugitive can turn as a city of refuge. Our liberties are wrested to deprive God's afflicted children of the precious right of owning themselves, their children, and the money for which they toil. Our wealth is squandered in perpetuating slavery, and extending its concomitant evils, idleness, recklessness, oppression and unlimited concubinage over the whole of the Northern territories. I might as well say Northern States, for I believe that nothing else will satisfy this law of reprisal for northern agitation. Our refinements teach us to refine the cruelties of slavery until we leave far in the background the slavery of barbarians. But peace! be still murmuring soul. This night of slavery shall not merge toward the wee hours ere such a fire of indignation shall be kindled in every nook and corner of the North as shall not be quenched ere the whole land is in a blaze. Thus will the Almighty make the wrath of man to praise him.

True, we have a Fugitive Law, and that law will restore a few hundred runaway slaves, guilty of hankering after the inalienable rights which their fathers fought and bled for, again to the prison-house of bondage. But that Fugitive Law has won its thousands of friends to the cause of the suffering sons of Africa, and every slave pursued, captured or returned, will raise thousands more—thousands who will gird on the whole armor of righteousness and battle manfully in public and private until the wrongs of the bondman are redressed. We have now a Kansas and Nebraska bill become a federal law, cursing thousands of acres of land with the slavery blight, for long years consecrated to freedom; and triumphing over their ignoble victory would convict an outraged people of treason for daring to evince in public their sympathy with one whose liberty was in peril under trial!

If it be true that God "made of one blood all the nations of the earth"—"if it be true that he is no respecter of persons"—"that he causeth his sun to shine on the evil and the good"—if it be true that the laws of God are a transcript of his own benevolent mind, how can it be that a man is entitled to the laudations of a world and the boon of immortality for loving and periling life in battling for the blessing of freedom because he is a George Washington, and another man deemed guilty, treated as a criminal, insulted with a pretended trial, condemned to a Southern prison-house, and treated to a pair of handcuffs, all for the same love of freedom? But thousands who have borne with the encroachments of the slave power, until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, will henceforth swell the hosts of the sons of freedom, and with the right, truth, prophecy, the fiat of the Infinite, this wickedness will come to an end. Heaven speed the right!

Mrs. Vaughan's appeal in behalf of Mr. Pease's mission at the Five Points, I most fully endorse. I hope and believe that every honest reader of your papers will feel it to be his or her especial duty to contribute their mite to strengthen the hands and encourage the heart of this self-denying philanthropist. Remember that mites make the earth—drops, the ocean. Thus with all reforms; small aids hopefully and honestly tendered, swell the great aggregate requisite to roll on the triumphant future. Were our land afflicted with some terribly fatal disease caused by miasma arising from a stagnant pool, were we wise we should not only drain the pool, but cut off its supplies. Thus with this humane enterprise. Let each one contribute to give efficiency and permanency to the benefit Mr. Pease seeks to confer upon our country and upon woman. While he drains this moral pool of pollution, let us by all possible means seek to cut off its putrid supplies by elevating woman, and raising her above the dangers of temptation to infamy in poverty. By elevating her, I do not mean to teach her to lisp forth prettily a few French phrases, or to sing divinely, or dress fashionably; but I mean, to render her self-reliant; to teach her to protect herself against her protectors—to teach her that under the sickening fallacy of her sweet dependence upon her natural protector, thousands have been ruined, and demonstrated the truth that there is mixed up with a little truth, a great deal of error in all this ado about protection. Where one female is protected by the strong, disinterested arm of man, impelled by the best impulses of his nature, there are thousands cowardly and inhumanly betrayed by him, who had all their faith, and could smile and smile and yet be a villain. The result is that woman should protect herself. The powers of her whole being should be cultivated, her mind should be strengthened, and her foundation for independence secured by active participation in the great business of life, and by gaining and legally owning the avails of her own labor equally with her brother man. Let him be her loving brother, not her superior, her dictator, her enemy. If man would evince his desire to protect woman, let him extend to her the advantages of the very best laws of his country. That is the best kind of protection she can have. Those which will protect her person, her property, her children, her liberty of person, her labor, equally with those which protect these dear and

inalienable rights of his. Let him generously yield her the same means of employment, the same pay for the same amount of labor, and do all he can to do away with the unjust prejudice that he too often evinces when sweet words of protection are warm upon his lips. This course would evince his sincerity.

That would be a wise law which should compel every parent to teach his or her child some useful and profitable occupation, which he or she might fall back upon for support in this rough and tumble game of fortune-hunting, fortune-winning and fortune-losing, should the hours of dark adversity overtake them. One great and fruitful source of woman's frequent degradation is chargeable directly to parents for this neglect. The wonder is that so many are true to their womanly instincts when the day of want and unrequited toil leaves them a prey to smiling villains whom in their helplessness and uselessness they have been taught to regard as those upon whom they must lean at all times and all seasons, whether fortune smile or frown. Now if her youthful dreams of prosperity and happiness are dispelled by the sad realities of life's vicissitudes, she in her helplessness falls back upon some friend or relative for support, instead of rousing her dormant energies of body and mind to meet the stern realities of life. These overtaxed friends may, and often do, fail from inability and want of disposition, and no wonder then that she too often falls into the snare of a villain who, under the name of protector, and with the garb of friendship covering his black heart, plots her ruin. Think of this, fair and favored daughters of fortune, and lend your mite to purge our land from this fruitful source of misery in life, and sure road to hopeless perdition beyond the grave.

M. A. BRONSON.

MEDINA, O., June 17.

DRESS.

MRS. BLOOMER:—

In no one thing, does the petty despotism in which society holds woman become more ridiculously apparent than in its vindictive opposition to any change in her style of dress—more especially to that which bears your name. One would really suppose from the clamors of conservatives, that the whole superstructure of society depended upon a few inches of calico! Engage freely in the thousand and one follies of fashionable life, violate every hygienic law of your being, but dare to make the least innovation in the established mode of dress, and you will incur our severest censure, is virtually the language of society. No matter how convenient and healthful the costume may be, society will allow of no spontaneity in matters of dress. Whatever liberty there may exist in our government and society for men, there exists none for women. Both have united to destroy her individuality and spontaneity; and well have they accomplished their task. Indeed, it would be difficult to say in what particular her condition differs, either legally or socially, from the Southern slave! We are justly horrified at the cruel persecutions of our ancestors, but what better is that spirit which makes me a Pariah, or an object for ridicule, simply because my dress happens to differ from the majority among whom I live?

I am led to these remarks by the senseless ridicule, and ungentlemanly remarks to which I am subjected for wearing a costume somewhat shorter than that usually worn by females in this country; but one infinitely more convenient, comfortable and cleanly than that authorized by fashion. I desire through your columns to ask of conservatives an answer to the following questions. Answer those who can.

1st. What right has any individual to dictate to me what dress it is proper or right for me to wear?

2nd. Who is the better judge of what is suitable and decent for me to wear, myself or another?

3d. If society has the right to prescribe what style of dress I shall wear, why not also my belief and opinions?

4th. What principle of etiquette or good manners authorizes impertinent, ill-natured remarks on the dress of others?

S. L. BROWN.

DEER PARK, LONG ISLAND, July 12, '54.

The following lines are called freshly to our remembrance by having witnessed one of those curiosities in the natural world—a night blooming *Cereus*. We were indebted for this privilege to the courtesy of H. B. CURTIS Esq., of this city, who has one of them in his rare and extensive collection of choice plants and flowers. It was truly very beautiful.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

The sunshine of Summer, its breezes and showers,
Had decked all the landscape with verdure and flowers,
Ev'ry hue to the eye did its brightness disclose,
From the lily's soft tint to the blush of the rose.

The scene was resplendent, unrivalled its bloom,
Nor could blossoms of Eden more sweetly perfume,
Ev'ry emulous flower did its beauties display,
And all nature was clad in her richest array.

Yet one virgin blossom, all charming and bright,
Its loveliness, modestly hid from the light,
Like a gem in a casket 'twas closely enshrined,
Avoiding the sun and the gaze of mankind.

But a moment 'tis destined to flourish on earth,
Brief emblem of excellence, virtue and worth,
And love, too, which planted by destiny's dart
Blooms but in seclusion—its shrine in the heart.

When the bright orb of day had retired to rest,
And the crimson-edged clouds disappeared from the west,
The night-loving plant did its blossoms unfold,
With the pureness of snow and the lustre of gold.

With a taper, I stole thro' the gloom of the night,
And gazed on its delicate charms with delight,
But the chaste flower seemed conscious intrusion
was near,
For I found every petal suffused with a tear.

Yes! tear-drops of dew did the blossom adorn,
And in beauty it wept, till the splendor of morn,
When like loveliness drooping, it hastily dies,
While its tears and its fragrance escape to the skies.

For The Lily.

ANGIE—A SIMPLE STORY.

BY WILLIE EDGAR FAVOR.

"Two minds with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

There reader, is the best description of love, poet ever gave, or ever will give, methinks, and it is the sum total of the history of little, darling Angie, as the villagers called her, and George St. Clair; but let me tell you her history, briefly and simply:

Angie was an orphan child, and her Uncle, the village Squire and oracle, brought her up as the saying is; as she grew up, she became the pet of the villagers and the peculiar favorite of George, a youth of her own age, and her equal in temper. They were very lively, and as the years passed on and manliness came to one—so grace came to the other, and none were surprised to hear that the next summer, when they had attained the age of eighteen, they were to be wedded.

But "wars and rumors of wars came," you see our story is of those who lived in the "long ago," and there was great bustle and preparation in the village where the young couple lived. One day the Squire told them that a day had been fixed for drafting soldiers and bade Angie prepare the beans so many black to so many white ones.

Poor thing! how she trembled when accomplishing the task, and though George was by her side endeavoring to comfort her, there was a secret dread that he would be one of those whose lot it was to go to the field of action; and he, cared not a jot about it were it not for Angie, and would have volunteered freely, but for the one tie that bound him to her side.

The day came—all were assembled—the one hundred and fifty black beans were mixed up with the treble number of white ones, and the box ready for those who were to choose therefrom.

About half had been drafted when George's name was called—with trembling, Angie drew him to her side and whispered "beware the rough

feeling ones;" he approached the box and with a smile put one hand in, it was withdrawn, but with it came a bean black as Erebus; and as poor Angie beheld it, with a shriek she fell to the ground; her artifice had been in vain, and her lover was lost to her.

But not so! a fine young man stepped up, and "for the love he bore her" offered to take his place in the ranks. It was accepted; and George hastened to her side to communicate the glad news; but ah! they tried in vain to waken her—it was the calm repose of death! In that wild shriek, so unearthly and mournful, her tender spirit had burst its chords that confined it here and winged its way upward.

Poor Angie!

When her betrothed was aware of the great loss sustained, it seemed as though his heart were broken also, for he laid him down by her side, and with her name trembling on his lips, closed his eyes forever on earth.

"Two hearts that beat as one," ay! and when one became silent, the other ceased to beat.

They were laid side by side, in a silent nook where flowers grew in full profusion; over them was reared a simple stone, and on it was written "Angie and Georgie; they were lovely in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

This is a simple story, reader, plucked from the page of memory in the mind of an old man, whose thoughts are in "the long ago," though he lives in the present; he inhabits the past, though he knoweth still the years as they pass.

HORACE MANN thus asserts the propriety and necessity of educating young Men and young Women in the same seminary, and under the influences of regulated social companionship. After setting forth the true conditions of such education, and meeting the usual round of objections thereto, Mr. Mann says:

"Besides and beyond all this, I believe that the daily and thrice daily meetings of the sexes, with occasional interviews in social circles, will be mutually advantageous to them. It will work both moral restraint and intellectual excitement. That innate regard which each sex has for the other sex, over and above what it has for the same good qualities in its own—the difference between friendship and love—is too precious and too powerful an agency to be thrown away in the education of either. I believe it to be an agency which God meant we should make use of to promote the refinement, the progress and the elevation of them both. I believe it may be made to supercede many of our present coarse and crude instruments of discipline—the goads and bludgeons of punishment which are now employed to rouse young men from the stupefaction of idleness, or beat them back from the gateways of sin.

"And what a state of society does it invincibly argue among parents, and in the community at large, if young men and young women cannot be brought together to pursue those ennobling studies and to receive those apt instructions which pre-eminently fit them for the highest duties of their common life, without mutual peril! And where in reason or in the divine commands, is there either warrant or pretext for the doctrine that those whom God mingles together in the family, by birth, and whom through the sacred ordinance of marriage He designs for a still closer relation in after life; where, I ask, is there any authority, human or divine, for seizing and violently separating these same parties for four or six or ten of the middle years of their existence?—those very years when they can best prepare themselves, by the elevation of whatever is in them of good, and the suppression of whatever is in them of evil, for a future companionship so intimate as to be lost in identity. Such separation is obviously unnatural; and if it be necessary for the preservation of sexual purity, it is time that the whole community should take alarm and hasten to devise a less monstrous remedy."

Miss Harriet N. Singer has been appointed Postmistress at Newport, Pa., in the room of Charles A. Stine, resigned.

Woman's Rights in Ohio.

MILO, July 4th, 1854.

DEAR LILY:—We read with joy in your columns of the noble report in the Ohio Senate, extending to women the right of suffrage &c. Tell the Assembly to make it a law if they wish to see the tide of emigration from other States teeming with the fair, the intelligent, the lovers of right and liberty among women. Let men sanction this, and women put it in practice, and what a change there will be in society. Women will become encouraged and ambitious; men will respect their wives, and sons obey their mothers much more than at present. Who can say the mother has not an equal right to dispose of, and control her own offspring? We do laud the benevolent and enterprising spirit of Ohio, in taking the lead in this important movement for the advancement of civilized society.

It is no use for women to attempt to merge their very existence in that of their husbands, or to become a member of him, as an eye or an arm, to have no existence apart from him, because, in the first place many women have no husbands, (nor indeed need they regret this, as the laws are at present,) and if they had, they would have to breathe through their own nostrils, if it were only contaminated air, in close rooms, under low walls; while he was abroad breathing the pure air of Heaven, and enjoying the socialities of life. And again women are responsible in this, and the world to come. Men usually think women extravagant in their expenditures, and no wonder! If the tables were turned, and men had to receive their sixpences and shillings from their wives and mothers, we should perhaps think the same of them, especially when they wanted to buy tobacco and cigars: rum, and cloves to chew after it; to spend at gambling, for oysters, and "the treat" at saloons.

I am intimately acquainted with a lady, living not a hundred miles from this place, young, gay, social and intelligent by nature, but not by practice, for she is married, lives in the country, does all her husband's work, housework, with her own hands, and I cannot but observe it is not choice, but necessity—an absence of liberty and opportunity that confines her at home for days and weeks together, paling those once blooming cheeks, and dimming those dark and lustrous eyes. The merry laugh and bounding step are lost at twenty-five. Hatty was a noble, independent spirit, joyous and free spoken; girls may be so. But she is sadly changed; her being entirely merged in that of her husband; her interest, his interest; notwithstanding he will not allow her to go to the store to purchase her own dresses for fear she will be extravagant. Do you think I would wear his dresses? Well, he is above censure, to be sure. A farmer well to do; intelligent, social by practice, does business promptly, treats freely, drives his horses fast, calls pennies trifles when with men, travels and informs himself generally as men should, and is not afraid to spend a few dollars when he meets with an old friend.

And what can Hatty do? Why cry, and get vexed with comparing old times with new, when she is alone; look cheerful and resigned when her husband is present; keep his clothes in order, and not ask him for money, or anything about his business.

This, dear LILY, is not an isolated case; I have observed very many similar, and some much more aggravating ones. Now Hatty for one, myself for another, and I do not know how many more are ready to remove to Ohio just as soon as your new and improved law shall take effect.

Devotedly Yours.

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